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merly composed of but a few fishing huts. It is now a neat, pretty village—a new custom house has been built, and trade is beginning to flourish; slowly indeed, at first, but I have no doubt that it will at length be frequented as a most desirable watering place. The foregoing is a sketch of the parish church, which has been lately built, and is situated in the splendid demesne of Colonel Townsend; it is taken from the opposite side of the bay, which runs up between two hills covered to the water's edge with trees. The harbour is capable of containing large vessels, notwithstanding which it is dangerous on account of rocks, which are under the water. At some future time I shall furnish you with a view of that also, if the present meets your approbation. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

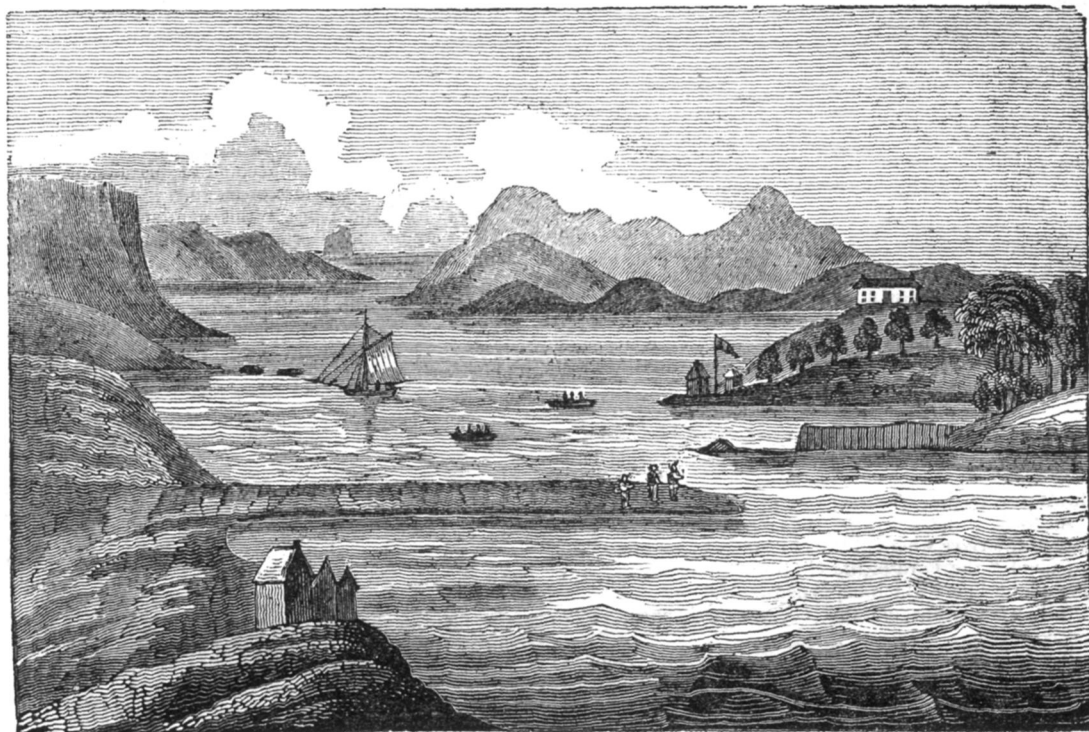
F. H. T.

*Cork, August 25, 1834.*

Sir—I send you the view of Castle Townsend Harbour, mentioned in my last communication, and mean in this to describe the different headlands and points, and whatever other parts are worthy of notice. Toe Head, the principal, is a high cliff overhanging the sea, which, although it appears the outside boundary of the harbour, is at least four miles from Castle Townsend. It commands one of the most splendid views I have ever seen—the whole line of coast from Gallyhead to Cape Clear, with the different harbours and bays between them—the view of the sea here is extremely open, and vessels going to America may

be seen from this spot as they pass Cape Clear for the last time previous to their leaving the shores of Ireland. Between this and the next hill a bay runs up, called Sandy Cove, where the fury of the Atlantic may be seen at its full height: it is a tremendous sight to behold the waves “dashing against the cliffs with deafening roar,” while the spray falls in showers on him who is bold enough to ascend them. There have been several wrecks at Castle Townsend within the last few years. Two ships were lost within the harbour, a few yards from the shore—not one in either of them was saved; the bodies were washed ashore a few days afterwards dreadfully disfigured. There are two rocks at the entrance of the harbour, called the Stags, one of which appears in the present view. The point next it is called Reen, from which the view of the church, which I sent you, was taken.—There is an old castle between that and the neck of land running across the bay; opposite to which is another, in Colonel Townsend's demesne, which was the scene of an engagement during the Irish rebellion—both parties firing across the water. The scene here is remarkably pretty, and, indeed, all the way as far as the top of the bay.—There are the remains of another castle near the old church, but for what purpose built I don't know. It commands the river: a few years since it was in good order, but is now a perfect ruin. Hoping these few particulars may be interesting to the readers of the Dublin Penny Journal, which is at all times interesting to me, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. H. T.



CASTLE TOWNSEND HARBOUR.

#### DANIEL O'LEARY, THE DUHALLOW PIPER.

MR. EDITOR—Some years since, while taking a little excursion through certain wild districts of the south, I had the satisfaction of hearing some of the best Irish airs, played on the best set of “organ pipes,” by the best piper in Munster—a rich treat, which I certainly could not have enjoyed had I, like Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., travelled in my own coach—or, after the fashion of the famous “Terence O'Toole,” of the Dublin Penny Journal, perched “a top o' the mail,” surveyed the land with eagle's eye, as I glided with eagle's speed by many a tower and abbey grey. No, no, gentle reader—

“If thou on men, their works and ways,  
Wouldst throw uncommon light,”

thou must travel as I have done, an humble pedestrian, and learn the unsophisticated feelings of an Irish peasant at his own hospitable hearth. Upon setting forward on my excursion I made some alteration in my usual mode of dress. I doffed my broad brim for a hat of narrower leaf. I exchanged the white cravat, which I was accustomed to tie with extreme precision behind, for a gay silk neck-cloth, whose well adjusted knot flowed copiously to the wind; and I laid by my black frock for a “blue body-coat,” with a “gilt button,” a circumstance

which I deem necessary to state for the benefit of the uninitiated in Irish affairs, who may have in contemplation a trip similar to the one to which I allude. Among the peasantry a black coat creates rather unpleasant suspicions, unless they know the wearer to be "one of the clargy,"—without this descriptive mark, men of all avocations may travel with perfect impunity, and a certainty of the most hospitable reception in our wildest glens, proctors and gaugers always excepted. I was under no apprehension of being mistaken for the last mentioned personage, because my person is tall and thin, my face abstemiously pale, and not a single grog blossom expanding its fiery petals on my nasal organ. Furnished with a choice hazel sapling for my hand, and a port folio for remarks, I sallied forth to see the world,

"And know if books or swains report it right."

During my peregrination I gleaned many a tuneful lay and curious legend, which have lived for hundreds of years in the traditions of the land. The results of my wanderings are yet lying by me, and I have not determined whether to print them in a thin quarto, or send them to the Dublin Penny Journal—I think the Journal shall have them.

The glowing sun was going down in the west on a fine evening in the decline of Autumn, as I gained the brow of a hill that overlooks the silver Ariglin, which flows through the western wilds of Duhallow, in the county of Cork, to join the broad Blackwater. It was a glorious scene, where the light and shade of hill and valley were beautifully linked with the evening mist that curled along the winding stream. I sat down to enjoy the free and boundless prospect, beside one of those ancient mounds called Danish forts, and was soon accosted by a man, wrapt in one of those great coats of olden fame, which an English writer formerly designated as "a fit house for an outlaw—a meet bed for a rebel—and an apt cloak for a thief." He had a long pole in his hand, and seemed to be engaged in the business of herding a number of cattle that grazed peacefully in the extensive common below.

"This silent spot," said I, "was once a busy, bustling scene, when the heathen Dane kept garrison here, and subjected to his rule the surrounding country."

"Ah!" said the intelligent herdsman, "it is an error to suppose that all these ancient works are of Danish construction: the Irish must have raised forts also to protect their own possessions, for the Danes were never entire masters of the land at any time. But tradition assigns the erection of this mound to a period when the Danes were without a name in the annals of Europe.—This very fort is said to have been raised by Goul Mac Morna, in the third century, upon separating from Fionn Mac Cool, who resided at Doon, about a mile farther down the Ariglin. The spot where we sit is called in the Irish tongue, 'The Fort of the Hill of Parting,' and that part of the river which glitters in the last rays of the sun, is named 'the Ford of the Glutton,' from the death of one of the Fiana which happened there."

"By what means did this occurrence happen," I enquired.

"When Goul and his adherents retired from Doon to this hill, Fionn, to maintain a friendly correspondence, sent him daily a joint of roast meat; but one evening, as a certain soldier carried the present to Goul, he was greatly tempted by the delicious flavour of the meat, the richness of which appeared mellowed in the hot sun-beam; regardless of the consequence, he gratified his appetite, and after depositing the meat at the fort, he returned back towards Doon. When Goul beheld the mutilated joint, he set an arrow to his bow, in revenge of the insult. The fatal missile overtook the poor glutton, as he crossed the stream, and he fell, pierced to the heart."

"Your legend of the roast meat," I observed, "has awakened within me a certain sensation, not strictly connected with the romance of the olden day; and you must now add to the obligations I already owe you, by pointing out the shortest way to the Rev. Father M'Naughtin's."

"You could not reach the priest's before night," he rejoined: "you shall have *cead mille faillte*, and the accom-

modation my cabin can afford, if you kindly accept them. This path will conduct you to yonder humble mansion in the glen, where the smoke rises above the surrounding alders. I can, likewise, promise you a rich treat of national music, from the chanter of Daniel O'Leary, the first piper in Munster, who luckily has paid us a visit. I shall rejoice you when I turn home the cows."

I thankfully accepted the invitation; and as I approached the house of this hospitable and well-informed peasant, the large dogs came wagging their tails, and seemed to bid me welcome. It is worthy of remark how readily these sagacious animals adopt the manners of their masters. By my own experience, I can rightly ascertain the manners of the inmates of each particular residence from the temper of the dogs. Thus, at the house of the inhospitable churl, the surly cur annoys the coming traveller: the dog at the "great house" is disdainful and silent, while that of the hospitable cottager is ever friendly.—Within, at the blazing hearth, was seated the piper; a diminutive man, deformed in person like Willie Wattle's wife, who—

"Had a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shoulder."

He had a knowing cast of countenance, and a keen, observant eye. When I gave the usual salute, he bid me sit down and take off my shoes, a form of welcome that has prevailed since the earliest times, by which each guest could entitle the last comer to the hospitality of the mansion, on bidding him take off his brogues. O'Leary yoked the pipes to do the stranger courtesy, and, before the arrival of our host, I was gratified to hear "Carolan's Farewell to Music," and the beautiful "Aileen a Roon," exquisitely performed. I have listened to much music, but Jack Pigott's "Cosh-na-Breeda," by the winding Bride, and O'Leary's "Humours of Glin," are, in my estimation, the *ne plus ultra* of bagpipe melody.

In the course of the night our kind host, seeing how much pleased I was with O'Leary's "execution," requested him to favour me with an account of his adventure with the *good people* in the fort of Doon.

"Ah!" said the piper, "this gentleman has read too much to credit such stories, though, in the ancient times, people saw strange sights; and seeing was believing."

As I love legendary lore nearly as well as music, I requested the piper to relate his story; and to show that I was no sceptic in fairy legends, I told the tale of a *Cluhericaun*\* caught by my mother's gossip's grand-aunt, and of a *collough-na-luhaf*† at my uncle's house, that picked the pockets of those who sat near the *ash-pit*. The piper won into an opinion of my orthodoxy, laid the chanter across his knees, and related a tale of which this is the substance.

On a November afternoon Daniel O'Leary was roused from his bed, at his sister's house, in the little town of Millstreet. He had retired to take a nap, for he was engaged during the preceding night at the "Wallis Arms," playing for a party of gentlemen that dined there, and had scarcely fetched half a dozen snores when his repose met the above-mentioned interruption. It was a message from the Squire of Kilmeen, commanding his attendance at the Castle: he had a grand party, and though a fiddler or two were in requisition, Miss Julia Twoomy, one of the young ladies invited, could abide no other music than O'Leary's. In fact, the estimation in which a "dinner" or wedding is held in Duhallow, is regulated by the circumstance of that piper's absence or attendance there.—Though our friend Daniel disrelished this interruption, he had too much respect for the squire to "refuse going," although the evening was hazy, and he had not quite recovered from the effect of the strong whiskey-punch of

\* The *cluhericaun* is a tiny being that mostly practices the shoemaker's craft. When caught he usually shows the fortunate captor a crock of gold, or gives him a purse that is never found empty, as his ransom.

† *Collough-na-luhaf*, an old fairy, of light-fingered notoriety. Her station is near the ashes-corner in ancient dwelling-houses; and it is said that nothing is too hot or too heavy for her in the way of thieving.

the "Wallis Arms." He prepared to depart, and, after "treating" the messenger, was just taking the saddle, (for the squire had sent one of the best horses in his stable,) when a blue-eyed *thackeen* from Knocknagrua, "an ould acquaintance" of O'Leary's passed by, and he directed the squire's servant to walk the horse slowly on before, whilst he whispered a word or two to Nancy Walsh.— They entered the public-house at the cross-road, and were so agreeably entertained with each other's conversation, over a glass of punch, that it was dark night before they parted. At length, having taken a parting kiss, the piper pursued his way in the hope of soon overtaking the man with the horse, but he reached Finown, and no servant lingered for him on the bank of its rapid water. Having made his way with difficulty over the high stepping stones, he set forward with accelerated speed in the hope of overtaking him before he reached Blackwater-bridge; for where the broad river rushes through the glen, and sweeps the tall rock at "Justices Castle," the scene is wild and lonely, and the neighbourhood of that ancient building had, time out of mind, been deemed a favourite haunt of the "good people." As he approached the bridge the moon was rising, and our pedestrian halted to hear if possible the friendly tramp of the horse's hoofs, and he stretched his view along the road which ascended the rising hill, but in vain; he heard no sound save the distant voice of the watch-dog, and no object met his eye but the ivied towers of the castle, surmounting the fire-trees that crowned the rock, and flung their giant shadows athwart the stream, beneath the pale moon-beams that danced like things of life upon the water.

Though Daniel O'Leary was "purty well, I thank ye," yet the punch he quaffed in Nancy Walsh's company could not make him scorn the dangers that superstition taught him to expect in this fairy haunt. Knowing the power of music on these occasions, he yoked the pipes, intending to raise a sacred melody to scare any evil thing that might hover round his path; but, owing to some unaccountable irregularity of idea, after many vain attempts he could bring out no other tune than Carolan's "Receipt for drinking Whiskey." This beautiful air rose sweetly on the night wind as he journeyed along, and when the tune was nearly concluded, he thought he could distinguish the tramp of horses. He ceased his strain, thinking it was the servant that came trotting in the distance behind; but soon perceived the sound multiplied by a hundred hoofs along the road. He now descried the dim figures of horsemen as they approached nearer, and supposing that he had fallen in with a party of *Rockites*, he withdrew a short distance from the road to the shelter of a furze-bush.

As the long procession moved onward, he thought he could distinguish among the horsemen the shapes of persons whom he had known to be long dead, and who he thought were resting in their quiet graves. But his surprise was considerably increased to behold his friend, Tom Tightly, who conversed with him alive and well that very evening in Millstreet, in the last rank that closed the cavalcade;\* and, to complete his astonishment, the horse on which Tom rode was drowned in a bog hole to O'Leary's certain knowledge, about a fortnight before.— From these circumstances the piper was now convinced that these horsemen were the *shua shee*, (fairy host). Tom wore his usual broad-brimmed beaver, that saved his complexion from the summer sun, for he always shone a rustic dandy of the first water. The moon, which that moment emerged from a cloud, gleamed on the large gold ring that circled his fore-finger, and which Tom on all occasions took no small pains to display, for it descended to him through a long line of ancestry, from the sister of *Donall Caum*, whose descendant he was.

"A virrah deelish! is it dreaming I am, or are my eyes deceaving me all out," says the astonished piper, "Tom

Tightly, if it's yourself that's there wouldn't you spake to the son of your own blood relation, and not lave him to die with the cowl without the benefit of the clargy, by the high road?"

"'Tis a bad day I wouldn't do more than that," says Tom, spurring his horse into the ditch to enable the piper to mount with facility; and at that moment a peal of laughter ran through the whole troop. Had the explorer of an ancient catacomb heard the dead of a thousand years bid him welcome to their silent mansions he could not have experienced greater fear than did O'Leary, when this wild burst of unnatural mirth rose from the ranks of the strange cavalcade upon his mortal ear.— When he mounted, his fear was further increased to find that neither the horse nor his rider had the solidity of frame common to mere matter; in short, they seemed to form an undefinable something between the shadow and substance of bodies. When they came to the cross road that led to the squire's the horsemen pursued the opposite direction; and when the piper attempted either to alight or expostulate with his friend, Tom, he found both his limbs and tongue equally incapable of motion. They halted at the fort of Doon, near the river Ariglin, where rose a stately building, the brilliant lights of which put to entire shame the lustre of the stars, and the clear full moon. In the great hall appeared a splendid company of both sexes, listening to the music of the full orchestra, where sat musicians bearing instruments, with which the piper was wholly unacquainted; and bards in white robes whose long beards flowed across their tall harps. An elderly man, bearing a long white wand, announced Daniel O'Leary, the Duhallow piper, and immediately three distinct rounds of cheering rose from the crowded assembly, till the fairy castle shook to the sound, and

"Roof an' rafters a' did dirl."

When the applause had subsided, a beautiful lady rose from her seat, and snatching a certain stringed instrument sung to the music of its chords the following strain, addressed to the astonished piper:

Thy welcome, O'Leary,  
Be joyous and high;  
As this dwelling of fairy  
Can echo reply.  
The clarseach and crotal,  
And loud Bara-boo,  
Shall sound not a note till  
We've music from you.

The bara-boo's\* wildness  
Is meet for the fray,  
The crotal's soft mildness  
For festival gay:  
The clarseach is meeter  
For bower and hall,  
But thy chanter sounds sweeter—  
Far sweeter than all.

When thy fingers are flying  
The chanter along,  
And the keys are replying  
In wildness of song;  
Thy bagpipes are speaking  
Such magical strain,  
As minstrels are seeking  
To rival in vain.

Shall bards of this dwelling  
Admire each sweet tone,  
As thy war-notes are swelling,  
That erst were their own;  
Shall beauties of brightness  
And chieftain's of might,  
To thy brisk lay of lightness  
Dance featly to-night.

\* The peasantry believe that a person may be pursuing his usual occupations whilst a figure exactly resembling him is seen elsewhere engaged in other business, or moving in the ranks of the *shua shee*. This apparition is called the *fetich*, and is said to forebode the death either of the seer or the seen.

\* The clarseach is the Irish harp. The crotal was a kind of bell, and the bara-boo an instrument resembling a trumpet.

Thé wine of Kincorra,\*  
 The bior of the Dane,†  
 Shall lighten thy sorrow  
 Or brighten thy strain;  
 In the hall of our feasting,  
 Though many shall dine,  
 We'll deem thee not least in  
 The banquet divine.

O'er harper and poet  
 We'll place thy high seat;  
 O'Leary, we owe it,  
 To piper so sweet:  
 And fairies are braiding,  
 (Such favourite art thou,)  
 Fresh laurel, unfading,  
 To circle thy brow.

Thy welcome, O'Leary,  
 Be joyous and high;  
 As this dwelling of fairy  
 Can echo reply;  
 The clarsach and crotal,  
 And loud bara-boo,  
 Shall sound not a note till  
 We've music from you.

Then a seat that glittered like a throne was prepared for the delighted O'Leary; and a band of beautiful damsels, with laughing blue eyes, placed a garland of shining laurel round his head. The other performers were completely mute during the rest of the night. Fair ladies poured out the red wine, and pressed their favourite musician to quaff the inspiring beverage. Every new tune elicited fresh applause; and, when the dancing ended, the lords and ladies all declared that their hearts bounded lighter, and their feet beat truer time to O'Leary's music than ever before. At length, oppressed with wine, and intoxicated with the incense of applause, the piper sunk into profound repose. When he awoke in the morning, he found himself reclining at the same bush to which he had retired to let the horsemen pass; the pipes were yoked, and his left hand still grasped the chanter. He at first conceived that the scenes of the preceding night, which began to assume a definite shape in his memory, were but the dream of an imagination heated by music, whiskey punch, and his conversation with Nancy Walsh, until he found the unfading wreath yet circling his brow. This wreath of laurel he has preserved, and still exhibits as his fairy meed of musical excellence.

Such was the adventure of Daniel O'Leary. Many opinions are afloat concerning the truth of his narration; but let sceptics examine, as I have done, this curious wreath of laurel, and consider its complicated braiding, and the piper's unimpeachable veracity in all other respects before they presume to try this singular narrative by the test of their philosophy. E. W.

#### ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

SIR—Among the notes of that valuable work, "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," are scattered some sweet poetical fragments, many of which are untranslated. I am sure the following versions of two of these little songs (claiming fidelity as their only merit) will not be unacceptable to your readers:

##### I.

On a bright summer's morn by the side of the King's river, I beheld a stately brown-haired maid: sweeter was her voice than the music of the fairy host; fairer was her cheek than the foam of waves. Her slender waist like the chalky cliff—her small, light, active foot, gliding with

joy over the grassy meads of the desert. I said to her mildly,

"Oh, fair one of the valley! unless you come with me, my health will depart."

At the birth of this lovely maid, there came a harmonious bee, with a shower of sweet honey on her berry lips. I kissed the fragrant, fair, loving maid; it was pleasant I vow—but listen to my tale. A sting went from her burning lips like a dart through my heart, which left me without power, (mournful to relate!) Is it not wonderful that I live with an arrow through my heart, and hundreds before me killed by her love.

##### II.

On yesterday morn, early before the sun, I beheld a maid of resplendent form: the snow and the berry were blended in her beauty, and her small slender body was like the swan on the brook; and, oh, vein of my heart! why art thou sad?

Sweeter was the gentle voice of her joyful mouth, than Orpheus who left the boars feeble; her large clear eye was like the crystal of the dew-drops, on the verdant grass of summer before the morning sun; and, oh, vein of my heart! why art thou sad?

This last little poem is remarkable in the original for the delightful harmony of its numbers; and, with the exception of the allusion to Orpheus, its imagery is indigenous. The other bard, however, has displayed more taste in drawing on the fanciful but pleasing mythology of his own country for an illustration of the tuneful voice of his mistress. The earlier bards seldom or never introduce the deities of Greece and Rome in their poems, and the total absence of any such allusions in the Fenian tales, affords in my opinion very strong proofs of their comparative antiquity. A beautiful fragment of one of these curious poems is preserved among the pieces alluded to above, and although it is accompanied by an excellent metrical paraphrase, from the pen of Dr. Drummond, yet I am inclined to think your readers will not be displeased to see it in the more simple garb of a literal translation. It commences by an address from Ossian to Bin B'olbin, a mountain in Connaught.

Thou art sad to-day, oh, Bin Bolbin! gentle height of the beauteous aspect! It was pleasant, oh, son of Calpuin! in other days to be upon its summit; many were the dogs and the youths; oft arose the sounds of the chase. There a tower arose; there dwelt a mighty hero. Oh, lofty hill of contests! many were the herons in the season of night, and the birds of the heath on the mountains, mingling their sounds with the music of the little bird. 'Twas sweet to listen to the cry of the hounds in the valleys, and the wonderful son of the rock.\* Each of our heroes would be present, with his beautiful dog in the slip. Many were the lovely maids of our race that collected in the wood. There grew the berries of fragrant blossom; the strawberries and the blackberries; there grew the soft-blushing flower of the mountain, and the tender cresses. There wandered the slender, fair-haired daughters of our race; sweet was the sound of their song. It was a source of delight to behold the eagle, and listen to her lonely scream—to hear the growl of the otters and the snarling of the foxes; and the blackbird singing sweet on the top of the thorn. I assure thee, oh, Patrick, that it was a pleasant place. We dwelt on the top of this hill, the seven bands of the Femans. But few are my friends to night; is not my tale mournful!

I now take my leave, hoping shortly to send you a similar communication. IOTA.

\* *Mac-alla*, i. e. the Son of the Rock, is the Irish poetical term for echo. Whoever was the author of this little fragment, he was, (as has been remarked of Milton), exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms. Such beautiful descriptions of nature frequently occur in the Irish poems ascribed to Ossian, some of which have been translated by the author of the above article, and will shortly appear before the public in the first series of a work entitled "The Beauties of the Early Bards of Ireland."

#### DUBLIN:

Printed, and Published by P. D. HARDY, 8, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

\* Kincorra, the residence of Brian Boro, on the bank of the Shannon, was famous for its wine cellars.

† Tradition affirms that the Danes made a delicious intoxicating liquor of the mountain heath, called "Bior." The peasant of the present day, when he would assure you of a hearty welcome, says, "were ours the Bior of the Dane, or the wine of Kincorra, it would be poured for you."